



ALFRED H. BERRY, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHER &amp; PROPRIETOR.

VOL. 1.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1851.

NO. 6.

## TERMS.

Two Dollars for one Year if paid at the time of subscription; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, without deviation, after the expiration of Three Months.

All Bills for Advertisements, Job Work or Subscription, considered due when contracted, except against those with whom we have Running Accounts.

No Paper will be sent out of the County, unless paid for in advance.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per Square of Twelve Lines, or Less, for the First Insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance. A liberal reduction for Yearly Advertising.

The privilege of Yearly Advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and Regular Business; and the Business of an Advertising Firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.

Announcing Candidates, Three Dollars; to be paid in Advance in Every Case.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.

No Advertisement can be inserted gratuitously.

Advertisements of a Personal Nature invariably charged Double Price.

Advertisements of Patent Medicines inserted at Thirty Dollars per Column, per Year.

Job Work of all Kinds, Neatly done, on New Type, and on as reasonable Terms as any Office in Tennessee.

No Paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up—except at the option of the Publisher.

## POETRY.

## A World of Love at Home.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

The earth has treasures fair and bright,  
Deep buried in her caves;  
And ocean hideth many a gem,  
With his blue curling waves.  
Yet not within his bosom dark,  
Or 'neath the dashing foam,  
Lies there a treasure equalling  
A world of love at home.

Truest happiness and joy,  
Are not with gold allied;  
Nor can it yield a pleasure like  
A merry fire-side.  
I envy not the man who dwells  
In stately hall or dome,  
If 'mid his splendor he hath not  
A world of love at home.

The friends whom time hath proved sincere  
"Tis they alone can bring  
A sure relief to hearts that droop  
"Nought sorrow's heavy wing,  
Though care and trouble may be mine,  
As down life's path I roam;  
I'll heed them not while still I have  
A world of love at home.

**Mechanics.**—They are the palace builders of the world. Not a stick is hewn, not a stone shaped in all the lordly dwelling of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the mechanic's skill. The towering spires, that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art for their strength and symmetry; the thousands of noble ships that cover the seas of the world; the magnificent steamers that plough the northern lakes and western rivers; the swift locomotives that traverse the land, from State to State with the rapidity of lightning; are all the construction of that noblest of beings, the mechanic! Not an edifice for devotion, for business, for comfort, but bear the impress of their handiwork! How exalted is their calling—how noble is their pursuit—how sublime is their avocation! Who dares to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable, noble, high-minded men? Who dares to cast odium on such an eminent and patriotic race? Their path is one of true glory, ambition and honesty; and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest post of honor, fame and renown!

**Slender.**—Show us an individual exempt from the poisonous breath of the slanderer, and we will show you something new under the sun. The seeds of this vice have been strewed broadcast over the earth, desolating families and neighborhoods, and blasting much that is lovely with the mildew of death. No character is so pure, no talents so distinguished, no post of honor so elevated, as to be exempt from its contaminating influence. All have felt its withering breath. As men; immortal men; children of one Father—how assiduously should we labor to crush this besetting sin.

The Shot in the Eye:  
A True Story of Texas Border Life.

BY C. WILKINS EMM.

(Continued.)

These proceedings Jack by no means comprehended, or felt disposed to be moved by; but gave them one and all to understand, that he meant to remain where he was, until it entirely suited his convenience to go; and that if his time and theirs did not happen to agree, they might make the most of it. And Jack was such an unpromising, snaggish looking somebody, and his reputation which had now spread everywhere—of possessing such consummate skill with the rifle, that he thought it a condescension to shoot game anywhere else but in the eyes—was so formidable, that no individual felt disposed to push the matter to a personal collision. He might still, therefore, have been left in quiet, but Hinch had unfortunately taken up the impression, from Jack's conduct in the shooting match affair that he must be a coward, and if this were true, then all his skill amounted to but little; and like any other bloody wolfish brute, he followed him up the more eagerly for this very reason, which would have disarmed a generous foe. Besides, Jack had given fresh and weightier matter of offence, in that he had refused to obey, and defied his authority as Regulator. The very being of that authority seemed to require now that a whole-some example should be made of him for the awing of all refractory persons hereafter. The wretch, who was cunning as a fox, and had sworn in his inmost heart to ruin and disgrace Long, from the moment of that triumph, now availed himself remorselessly of all his influence, and knowledge of the society around him, to accomplish it. Several horses now disappeared, and robberies of other kinds, perpetrated with singular dexterity, followed in quick succession. All these things he managed, through the clamors of his soundly troops, to have laid, directly or indirectly, to Jack's door.

But in the popular estimation they counted as nothing, in fixing the charge of dangerous malice upon poor Long, in comparison with one other incident. About this time not only Hinch himself but every other person who had made himself conspicuous, by insisting upon Jack's guilt, and the necessity of punishing him summarily, began to lose every day or two, valuable stock, which was wantonly shot down sometimes in sight of their houses; and soon began to be remarked that every animal lost in this way had been shot in the eye! This was instantly associated of course with Jack's well known and curious predilection for that mark in hunting, and a perfect storm of indignation followed. A meeting was at once convened at the store of which the Planter was the chairman; and at it by a unanimous vote, a resolution was passed condemning Jack Long to be whipped and driven out of the country—and Hinch with his Regulators appointed to carry it into effect! He could hardly contain himself for joy; for now, whatever extreme his pitiless malignity might choose to indulge itself in, he had no fear of after-claps or questioning. The meeting had been a mere form at any rate. But these "formalities" are all powerful every where; and unsettled and clementary as was the condition of society here, this ruffian leader of ruffians felt the necessity of acting under their sanction, though he himself had dictated it. He would and could have consummated his purposes without it; but the faint life of conscience within him—by a species of logic peculiar to itself—felt relieved of the grievous responsibility of such a crime, in the sense of participating with so many others. Many a man has gone to the devil in a crowd, who would have been horrified at undertaking the journey alone.

It was the third day after this meeting. Jack, during all these per-

secutions, had deported himself with the most stolid indifference. Avoiding all intercourse with the settlers, he had continued to hunt with even more assiduity than usual, and was in a great measure ignorant of the unenviable notoriety he was enjoying. He had heard something of the charge with which his character had been assailed, but attributed them all to the jealous enmity he had incurred at the shooting match. He could understand perfectly how one man could hate another who had beat him in shooting, and thought it natural enough; but he could not understand how that hatred might be meanly and desperately vindictive, and therefore gave himself no uneasiness about it. He was only anxious that his wife should not hear and be annoyed by any of these things, and preserved his usual cheerfulness of demeanor.

He had just returned from hunting, and laying aside his accoutrements, partook of the simple meal her neat housewifery had prepared for him; then stretching himself upon the buffalo robe on the floor, romped with his two rosy cheeked boys, who rolled over his great body, and gambled and screamed in riotous joy around him; but mother wanted some water from the branch, and the frolic must be given over while Jack would go and bring it. So jumping up, he left the little folk pouting fully as they looked after him from the door, and started. The stream was only about a hundred yards from the house, and the path leading to it was through a dense high thick- et. It was against Jack's religion to leave his house without his gun; but the wife, whom he loved above all the universe of sentiment and everything else, was in a hurry for the water, and the distance was so short, —so he sprang gaily out with the vessel in his hand, leaving the rifle behind. The water had been dipped up, and he was returning along the narrow path closely bordered by brush, when he felt a light tap on each shoulder, and his career strangely impeded. He had just time to perceive that a lasso had been thrown over him, which would confine his arms, when he saw himself suddenly surrounded, and was rushed upon by a number of men. He instantly recognized the voice of Hinch, shouting, "Down with him! Drag him down!" as the men who had hold of the lasso about his body jerked at it violently in the effort to throw him. All his tremendous strength was put forth in one convulsive effort, which would have freed him, but that the infernal noose had fallen true, and bound his arms. As it was, he dragged the six stout men who held it after his frantic bounds nearly to his own door, before he was prostrated, and then it was by a heavy blow dealt him over the head with the butt of a gun. The last object which met his eye as he sank down, were the horrified faces of his two children and wife looking out upon him!

The blow deprived him of his senses for some time, and when he recovered he found himself half stripped, and lashed to a tree a short distance from his house. Hinch in front of him, with a knotted rope in his hand, his wife on the ground, wailing and clinging with piteous entreaty round the monster's knees, his children weeping by her, and outside this group a circle of men with guns in their hands. That fearful awakening was a new birth to Jack Long! His eyes took in everything at once. A shudder, like that of an oak rifted to its core, sprang along his nerves, and seemed to pass out at his feet and through his fingers, leaving him as rigid as marble; and when the blows of the hideous devil before him fell upon his white flesh, making it welt in purple ridges, or spout dull black currents, he felt them no more than the dead lintel of his door would have done; and the agony of that poor wife shrieling a frantic echo to every harsh slashing sound, seemed to have no more effect upon his ear than it had upon the tree above them, which shook its

green leaves to the self-same cadence they had held yesterday in the breeze. His wide-open eyes were glancing calmly and scrutinizingly into the faces of the men who stood around—those features are never to be forgotten!—for while Hinch lays on the stripes with all his furious strength, blaspheming as they fall, that glance dwells on each face with a cold, keen, searching intensity, as if it marked them to be remembered in hell! The man's air was awful—so concentrated—so still—so enduring! He never spoke, or groaned, or writhed—but those intense eyes of his!—the wretches could not stand them, and began to shuffle and get behind each other. But it was too late; he had them all—ten men! They were registered.

We will drop the curtain over this horrible scene. Suffice it to say, that after lashing him until he fainted, the Regulators left him; telling his wife, that if they were not out of the country in ten days he should be shot. He did go within the specified time; and, as it was said, returned with his family to Arkansas, where his wife's father lived. The incident was soon forgotten in Shelby county amidst the constant recurrence of similar scenes.

About four months after this affair, in company with an adventurous friend, I was traversing Western Texas. Our objects were to see the country, and amuse ourselves in hunting for a time over any district we found well adapted for a particular sport—as for bear-hunting, deer-hunting, buffalo-hunting, &c. Either of these animals is to be found in greater abundance, and of course pursued to greater advantage in peculiar regions; and as we were anxious to make ourselves familiar with all the modes of life in the country, we made it a point in passing through to stop wherever the promise of anything specially interesting offered itself. Prairies, timber and water were better distributed in Shelby than any county we had passed through—the timber predominating over the prairie, though interlarded by it in every direction. This diversity of surface attracted a greater variety of game, as well as afforded more perfect facilities to the sportsman. Indeed it struck us as a perfect Hunter's Paradise, and my friend happened to remember a man of some wealth, who had moved from his native county, and settled, as he had understood, in Shelby, we inquired for him, and very readily found him.

Whatever else may be said or thought of the Texans, they are unquestionably most generously hospitable. We were frankly and kindly received, and horses, servants, guns, dogs, and whatever else was necessary to ensure our enjoyments of the sports of the country, as well as the time of our host himself, were forthwith at our disposal, and we were soon, to our hearts' content, engaged in every character of exciting chase.

One day we had all turned out for a deer-drive. This hunt, in which dogs are used for driving the game out of the timber, scatters the hunters very much; they are stationed at the different "stands," which are sometimes miles apart, to watch for the deer passing out; for this reason the party seldom gets together again until night. We divided in the morning, and skirted up opposite sides of a wide belt of bottom timber, while the "drivers" and dogs penetrated it, to rouse the deer, which ran out either side by the stands, which were known to the hunters. We were unusually successful, and returned to a late dinner at our host's, the planter's house. By dusk all had come in except my friend, whose name was Henry, and a man named Stoner, one of the neighbors, who had joined our hunt. Dinner was ready, and we sat down to it, supposing they would be in, in a few moments. The meal was nearly over, when Henry, who was a gay, voluble fellow, came bustling into the room, and with a slightly flurried manner, addressed our host:—"Squire, this is a strange country of yours! Do you let crazy

people range it with guns in their hands?"

"Not when we know it. Why? What about crazy people? You look excited."

"Well, I think I've had enough to make me feel a little curious."

"What is it? What is it?" exclaimed everybody, eagerly.

"Why, I have met with either the Old Harry himself—a ghost—or a madman;—and which it is, I am profoundly puzzled to tell!"

"Where? How?"

He threw himself into a chair, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and continued:—"You know, Stoner and myself, when we parted from you all this morning, took up the right-hand side of the bottom timber—Well, Stoner, accompanied me to my 'stand,' where we parted; he to go on to his; and I have seen nothing of him since. Soon after he left me, a deer passed out—I shot it—wounded it—and jumped on my horse to pursue it. The deer had staggered at my fire, but was not so badly wounded as I supposed, and led me off, until it suddenly occurred to me that I might get lost, and I reined up; but I soon found that this sober second-thought had come too late, and that I was already out of my latitude. I wandered about nearly all day, though taking care not to go very far in any one direction, before I came across anything which promised to set me right again. I at last came upon a wagon trail, and felt relieved, for I knew it must take me to some point where I could get information. The trail was narrow, leading through scrubby thickets, and I was riding along slowly, looking down, in the hope of detecting the tracks of some of your horses, when the violent shying of my horse caused me to raise my eyes. And, by George! it was enough to have 'stampeded' a regiment of horse! On the left of the trail stood a very tall skeleton-like figure, dressed in skins; one foot advanced, as if he had stopped in the act of stepping across it, and a long heavy gun, just swinging down to the level, bearing on me. Of course, my heart leaped into my throat, and my flesh shrank and crept. Before I could think of raising my gun, my eyes met those of this strange figure; and such eyes! Surprise at their cold, unnatural expression, suspended my aim; burning with a chill singular brilliancy, in deep-sunken sockets, they looked as if they never had winked. Dwell steadily upon my face for a moment, they seemed to be satisfied, and the gun was slowly thrown back upon his shoulder; and plucking at a long grisly beard, with an impatient gesture of his bony hands, the figure made a stride across the trail, and without speaking a word plunged into the thicket. I was so confounded by this curious dumb-show, that he was nearly concealed in the brush before I found my tongue to shout to him to stop; but he kept on, not even turning his head. I was provoked, and spurred my horse in after him, as far as I could penetrate, but he kept on, and I lost sight of him in a moment, and whether he can talk at all or not, is more than I can tell!"

"Did you look at his feet, Henry?"

"I interrupted one of the party. 'I expect it was old—'"

"Never mind what you expect—hear me out," he continued. "I followed the trail, which wound about, it seemed to me, towards all the points of the compass, for an hour or more; when at last it led me out into a prairie, which I thought I recognized. I stopped and was looking around to make out the landmarks, when a horse with a saddle on burst from the woods behind me, and tore off across the prairie, as if he too had seen the devil!"

"What color was he?" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices in a breath.

"He was too far off for me to distinguish more than that he was a dark horse—say about as much so as mine. I could distinguish the pom-pom of the saddle and the stirrups flying!"

"Stoner's horse was a dark bay," was buzzed around the table in low tones, every one looking seriously in his neighbor's face.

"Yes!" said the Squire, rising and stepping uneasily to the window—"Stoner's horse was a good deal like yours; he must have got away from him, and that is what detains him. But then the nag was a very kind creature, and well trained. I wonder it should have behaved so!"

"Don't believe 'day' would have done it, Squire," said one of the men. "Something's gone wrong. I think the horse is dead, Mr. Henry?"

"It was too far for me to tell. I followed in the direction the horse took, and soon found myself here, and expected to find it here too!"

"No! Stoner's is beyond here," said the Squire. "The wagon trail you were turning and twisting about in, is a road I had opened to a number of board trees we cut and rived out there; you might have followed it for hours and not been more than a mile or so from the place you started from. That ghost of yours, by-the-way, may be some crazy fellow, who has wandered off into these parts, with mischief in him! Did you hear no gun?"

"I thought I did—about an hour after parting with that man, or devil, or whatever he was—but the sound was so faint and distant, that, for fear I might be mistaken, I did not go to it; and the road had turned so frequently, I could not tell whether it was in the direction he went off or not."

Here the "driver" interposed, saying that he had heard a rifle about that time on the right, but supposing it to be Henry or Stoner, he thought nothing of it. And a half-laughing discussion followed as to the probable character of the wood-ghost Henry had reported of—some asserting that he was quizzing us—for these men were too much accustomed to the exigencies of a hunter's life to be for more than a moment seriously affected by the circumstance of Stoner's non-arrival. In the midst of this, a horse's feet were heard galloping up to the door, and a loud "halloo!" followed. The Squire rose hastily and went out. In a moment after he entered, looking pale and excited.

"Tom Dix (one of Stoner's neighbors) says that his horse has come home without a rider, the reins upon its neck, and a clot of blood upon the pommel of the saddle! Boys! he's been shot! Just as I suspected from the first!"

Everybody rose at this announcement—looking in the face of him opposite with a blank pallid stare.

"The crazy man!" ejaculated several. "Strange!—Very mysterious business!" said others.

"I tell you what," said the Squire after a pause, "has struck me from the first. It is that this strange-looking fellow Henry saw, mistook him for Stoner, until he looked into his face, for Henry's horse and general appearance are not unlike his,—and when he found that he was wrong, got out of the way and went on till he met Stoner himself, and has shot him!"

"No doubt of it!" said several.

"But it's a very mysterious affair," continued he—"I know of no such looking man in this region as Henry describes; but at any rate he will be hunted down to-morrow, for Stoner was one of the Regulators, and Hinch is a perfect blood-hound! He can hardly escape him—crazy or not crazy!"

This seemed to be the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty, and as it was too dark for us to do anything that night we resumed our seats to discuss over and over again these details; while the Squire sent off messengers summoning Hinch and the Regulators to be on the ground early in the morning!

(Concluded next week.)

A friend, in describing the sulphur waters of Virginia, says they taste more like a decoction of leather breeches than any other drink he is acquainted with.

## Progress.

The age is onward! We can look back now like one who, having gained the summit of a hill, retraces with his eyes the toilsome leagues he has travelled. We may look back and behold the monuments, the mementoes, the dangers and disasters of the road; and whilst we note all these as warnings for our future progress, we yet sit not down to survey them, but, casting a single look behind, press once more boldly forward.

For it is in vain to look back. The Attainable is only—before us. The Past is a ladder of sand, each round of which has crumbled beneath our feet; and should we pause, or turn to descend, the shades of uncertainty and ruin would encompass us. There is naught in the circle of being, naught in the range of matter, that is not an example of the great principle of Progress, and a continual cycle of evergrowing results.—Naught is ended—for nothing dies. Dissolution is antagonistic to all material or spiritual things, and retrogression, if nature in reality discloses such a phenomenon, is but transient, and ineluctably towards renewed progress. A particle of dust, could we trace it through all the ramifications of its utility, would lead us through a labyrinth of the mightiest worlds. From the sand which that bore it across the desert, to the column which held it as an integral of Palmyra's splendor; from the fallen and shivered column, to the tomb of some desert Emir; from the tomb of the sands once more; from the sands to the crucible; and from the crucible to the glass which forms the very inkstand in which I now dip my pen; how simple the transition—the progression—for all is progression that is motion, since motion must effectuate results.

Be not thou cast down, O little man, which art as a sand-grain in the whirlwind of motion? Thou art integrally of the world's life, and strength and beauty! Through the crucible must thou pass in thy day, but thy destiny ever preserves thee. Utilitarian the eye of nature is the keeping of her laws. Be thou, then, what thy nature impelleth thee, and thy symmetric life is found. Thou shalt make harmony, if thou canst but touch the right string in the great harp of humanity.

**Good Night.**—The sound is full of sweetness and tenderness. Why dost thou yet linger, departing one? Dost thou wish for another, and yet another good night? Is that word so grateful to thee? Where, indeed, is the ear that loves it not—that does not wait to have it repeated more than once? Let us receive these beautiful words as one of the pledges of our fair inheritance; a temporal emblem of those breathings of eternal peace, which will gush forth from one bosom to another, as happy spirits meet and part again in the city of our God.

We learn that a Pennsylvania has taken the contract for grading the first forty miles of the East Tennessee and Va. Road, commencing at Strawberry Plains and terminating at Bull's Gap, \$30,000 lower than the Engineer's estimate.—*Knox, Philad.*

**Railroads.**—The Knickerbocker contains the following curious statement:

"According to a late table of statistics, there were in operation at the commencement of 1849, in the different parts of the globe, a total length of 18,656 miles of railway, on which a capital of \$1,540,000,000 had been actually expended. Besides this, it is estimated that there were at the same epoch in progress of construction 78-29 miles, the cost of which, when completed would be \$780,000,000. Thus, when these latter lines shall have been brought into operation, the population of Europe and the United States (for it is there only that railroads have made any progress) will have completed, within the space of less than a quarter of a century, 25,485 miles of railway; that is to say, a greater length than would completely surround the world, at a cost of above two thousand millions of dollars. To accomplish this stupendous work, human industry must have appropriated out of its annual savings \$10,000,000 for twenty-five successive years. Of the total length of railways in actual operation in all parts of the globe, 67 miles in every 100 are in the United States—a fact as complementary to our resources as it is flattering to our enterprise and good-will towards progress."